

VOICE OF THE RESIDENTS

Vol. X, No. 4

BROADMEAD, COCKEYSVILLE, MD

December 1988



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Phyllis Tyler
Clara Walker
Dorothy Kline

Louis Hamburger
Betty Griffin
Escher Donahue
Helen Bailey
Leopold Bridge

Elizabeth Mercer
Nancy Rowe
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Jim Heming

from the staff of the Voice

WASSAIL

Part of the fun of Christmas is the food. The spicy fragrance of cinnamon and cloves, the punch whose tingling aroma that is special in many homes is all as much a part of Christmas as the decorating.

The custom of food and drink at Christmas is an old one. Long before Christianity, the harvest was celebrated at the winter solstice. In Anglo-Saxon times, the end of the old year meant a festival. Food and drink were a part of the festivities, and the drink often served was Wassail.

Wassail is more like a warm beer than wine but its ingredients include both. The word means, literally, "Welcome." It is not a particularly appetizing drink but it served its purpose which, of course, was to add a little pep to the celebration. Games were built around the Wassail bowl.

Apples, baked ahead of time, were set afloat in the brew. As the apples disintegrated, the pulp melted into the brew and this was called "Lamb's Wool" which it resembled. Wassail is served most often on Twelfth Night, the end of Christmas, but even then it is supplemented with wines or more interesting beverages.

Mead was the wine of the Anglo-Saxon period. This was made from honey, fermented. Before the discovery of sugar cane and the sugar was made from beets, honey was the source of the sweetening. Fermentation which has always been important to mankind again added zest to the beverage as the alcohol formed. In King Arthur's time mead is often mentioned in the royal celebrations as it combined readily with other ingredients for the festive bowl.

From all accounts the Founding Fathers indulged in these alcoholic beverages, not merely at Christmas but at other times as well. From

diaries and notebooks we find recipes for various beverages. Anything could be used, from dandelions to fruits. The Colonists abhorred water probably having learned from experience that all sorts of minor intestinal upsets could result from drinking water that had been contaminated. Even a teetotaler like John Adams broke the day with a shot of brandy. More affluent settlers ordered brandies and fine wines from Europe. Madeira from Portugal was especially popular with Thomas Jefferson.

But the real source of alcohol was rum. This was made from sugar cane brought in from the West Indies, and the exchange of rum for black slavery was as important to the economy as taxation without representation.

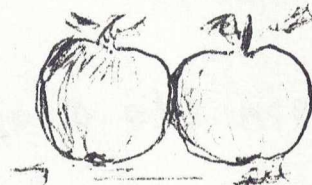
Rum was not only used as an ingredient for punch recipes, but also has its own use. Hot Buttered Rum made any cold wintry day more pleasant. A mug of rum could be kept hot by being stirred with a poker red hot from the embers of an open fire. The other ingredients were simple: spices and sugar with a dab of butter if necessary.

In the south, eggnog maintained its popularity. Recipes were handed down through families and this basic milk punch assumed importance in eggnog made from great-granddad's recipe.

Commercial eggnog has taken the place of the beverage in most households but the original blend of eggs, milk and cream with bourbon and rum with its froth of whipped cream and its meld of flavors cannot compare with the substitute. Unless you have tasted the real thing you do not know eggnog!

BON APPETIT!

Mildred Williams



Leopold Bridge, Esquire
 Editor: the VOICE
 Dear Leo,

I am troubled by what I perceive as a great lack at Broadmead. It occurs to me that perhaps that lack might be filled through your admirable newsletter, the VOICE.

I am Hallowell Le Cat for whom Hallowell Hall was named, and I am also resident psychiatrist on Hallowell - a bit confusing, no? For years now, I have searched for a literate cockroach like Archy who served as amanuensis for my ancestress, Mehitable Le Cat. Alas, there are no cockroaches on Hallowell, let alone a literate cockroach.

The reason I search is that I have a great deal to say, in the course of my duties, I listen to people talk day after day; NOBODY listens to ME. It never seems to occur to anyone that I might also have answers to the problems that plague ordinary Residents of Broadmead not so fortunate as to live on Hallowell. Since nobody listens to me, and I can't find an Archy, there seemed no way to make my voice heard until it struck me today that YOU are the answer to my great need. You ARE the voice of Broadmead.

Most of the Residents may be old enough to know a newspaper column that used to be syndicated throughout the country - ASK DR. BRADY. I am prepared to render such a service to Broadmead without fee. Ask me anything - personal, medical, psychiatric, advice to the lovelorn - I am prepared to answer. Giving advice is what I'm good at.

I need only the promise from you that you will not divulge the names nor identify in any way the patients I use as examples. I shall ask that ordinary Residents put their questions in your box to be passed on to me; their anonymity must be protected too.

I ask too that your readers not disturb me on weekends or holidays, when, as you may know, I return to my own residence in A-5. My lovely housekeeper, Mrs. Billie Tyson, is much too busy a lady to have to deal with answering phone calls or collecting letters.

My message for today - if you will lend me your VOICE, concerns a program I observed as I was snatching a much needed rest in one of Hallowell's lounges. It was on PBS and was called THE BRAIN or THE MIND or some such thing. I feel it should be required that every Broadmead Resident watch it even though in these days of rampant civil libertarianism such a requirement would not be looked upon with favor.

The important message of the program as far as Broadmead Residents are concerned is the scientific discovery that people who move into a retirement community such as Broadmead experience an unexpected recovery of their mental powers in the first six months of residence. They function better mentally than people ten years younger who live outside. If new Residents were made aware of such a fact it might lessen the whining I hear all around that they are becoming senile - as if just moving into Broadmead caused them to lose some of their marbles.

I must, ergo, assume that the longer people stay at Broadmead the better their mental acuity becomes, as I observe the people who have lived here the longest. I could cite examples, anonymous of course, of the people on Hallowell who are almost 100. You won't find any smarter people anyplace, inside or outside. They may have a few pains in the joints and have a bit of difficulty getting around, but they put most of the newcomers to shame when it comes to remembering things. If you want to know what it was like to live through the stockmarket crash of '29, just ask a distinguished architect up on Hallowell. She completed her

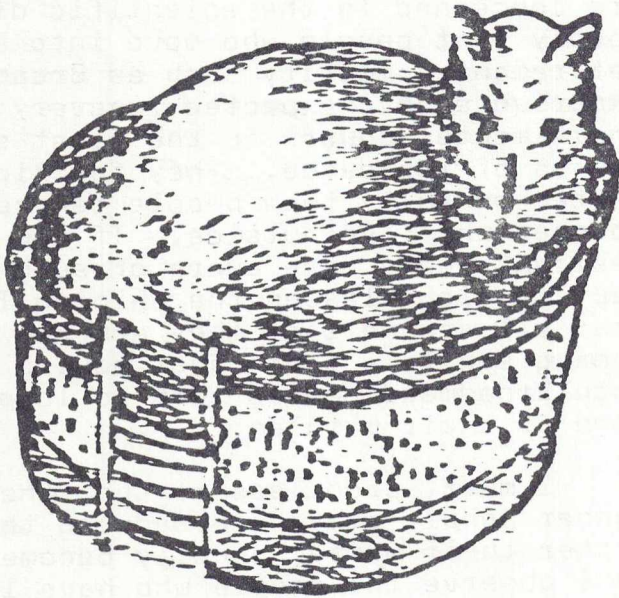
graduate work at Columbia just before the blow-up. If you'd like to know about Westtown School in the first decade of the century, you'll find a delightful 99 year old who could tell you all about it.

I anxiously await your decision.

And now, as my disreputable ancestress Mehitable would say, toujours gai, toujours gai.

Dr. Hallowell Le Cat
(With apologies to the ghost of Don Marquis.)

(Ed. note: Hallowell refused to divulge the name of his amanuensis for fear such services would be too much in demand by others.)



IN MEMORIAM

October 1988

Helen R. Gibson

BSO PLAYERS

Broadmead concerts reached another first when a large, enthusiastic audience enjoyed the music making masters of members of the BSO.

Bruce Wade, violin, introduced the first half of the program as "parlor pieces," which, indeed, they were! Mr. Wade and Ms Woehr at the piano, gave professional competence to popular familiarity. This package of favorites included well-known works of Schubert, Debussy, Tschai-kowski, Rubinstein and Mozart. It ended with a rousing Spanish dance by Moritz Moskowsky.

The treat of the evening was the string quartet comprised of Bruce Wade and Melissa Zaraya, violins, Sharon Myer on viola and Ken Willamen on cello. The unity in expression and execution gave the group a distinction in their presentation of the Mozart work which charmed their appreciative audience.

The current strike denies these musicians livelihood; it threatens the very fabric of the orchestra and is a deprivation to those who are the orchestra's most ardent supporters. Strike is a bad instrument! We hope that these splendid artists will return to play for us in happier times.

B-Flat

HOBBY SHOW

It is not too soon to think about the Hobby Show to be held on January 14th in the Auditorium from 11 A.M. to 8 P.M.

All interested persons are encouraged to display their favorite collection or hobby for others to enjoy.

Look for more details in the next issue of the VOICE or call Eleanor Terry, B-13.

PATIENTS' RIGHTS

The Attorney General of Maryland, Joseph Curran, has now clarified and firmed up the Maryland law with regard to the rights of seriously ill patients. It is now clearly established:

1) That such patients have the right to determine their own medical treatment in serious but non-terminal illnesses as well as terminal ones. (The Living Will covers only terminal cases.)

2) That individuals can do so through surrogates (proxies), named beforehand, to cover the possibility that they might not be able to express their wishes directly at the time of decision.

3) That this right includes the right to refuse forcible administration of food and water.

If there is a properly executed durable power of attorney for health care, all parties are legally bound by it - the close family, the physician, the hospital or nursing home, and the proxy.

Before the publication of the Attorney General's opinion the general principle of patients' rights was present in constitutional as well as common law. However, the three propositions stated above had not been exactly pinpointed. Accordingly, the Attorney General was asked by the State Office of Aging to establish the present status of the law in Maryland. The result, after many months of research by his staff, is his opinion dated October 17, 1988.

The opinion makes it clear that the wishes of the declarant should be in writing and in clear language, to avoid guardianship or other court procedures. If there is no living will, durable power of attorney for health care or other applicable document, and the wishes of a permanently unconscious or confused patient cannot be established, it will still be necessary to have court permission

to withdraw life support systems or artificially administered food and water. This is a lengthy, complicated and uncertain proceeding which may further delay proper handling of the patient's care.

Whether a Resident wishes all the latest technology available to be used to prolong life, or whether he wishes none, is entirely within his prerogative, but what he wishes should be carefully and clearly set forth in a written document when he is still in good health and of sound mind.

Any questions may be directed to members of the committee, Ralph White (527-0375), Chairman.

Edna Sparks, for the
Committee

CASUAL COMMENT

It is interesting to note that if ten years ago the Post Office had not felt that Broadmead's mail would have overloaded the Sparks' Post Office our address would have been "Sparks" and not "Cockeysville."

This also ties in with the queries of some recent Residents as to the boundaries of Cockeysville to which the territory designated as Zip Code 21030 is "Cockeysville."

There are no incorporated cities or towns in Baltimore County - if you wish the County is the same as a city in itself. The territorial names one hears were used to designate a general area usually widely separated from another by woods and fields often indicating an early prominent settler or some special natural prominence. For instance, "Rocks," or persons such as Cockey, Towson, Reister or Sparks. Sometimes a development was named in another fashion such as "Lutherville" named after Martin Luther and which was laid out by a prominent Lutheran.

And, by the way, should you not like the name Cockeysville, you can always cite your address as Hunt Valley but be sure to use the same Zip Code - 21030.

6

RIGHT, WRONG OR DIFFERENT?

Recent studies reported in Psychology Today, October, 1988 pgs. 56-59 conclude that one of the greatest changes in our basic value system over the past fifty years has been a decline in the virtue of obedience and a rise in the traits of tolerance and independence.

There are those who will decry this shift in values. It is true that individuals and society can become too tolerant, especially of crime, ignorance, slovenliness, immorality, etc. It is also true that a certain adherence to rules, regulations, customs, etc. - all forms of obedience - are required to prevent anarchy. As an expression of independence, one cannot just decide to ignore traffic lights and stop signs, literally or figuratively, without eventually paying a tremendous price.

My personal appraisal of society at large agrees with this current research, i.e., we are more tolerant. The problem is, do we have the wisdom to strike a balance? Do we know where tolerance ends and co-conspiracy begins?

There is a derisive axiom in the Army that there are three ways to do everything - the right way, the wrong way, and the Army way. Examined carefully, this rule has some merit. Everything in life is not right nor wrong. Some things, perhaps most, are merely different. Most people characterize right as what agrees with them. All differences are wrong. If society is shifting from this paradigm, perhaps that is progress.

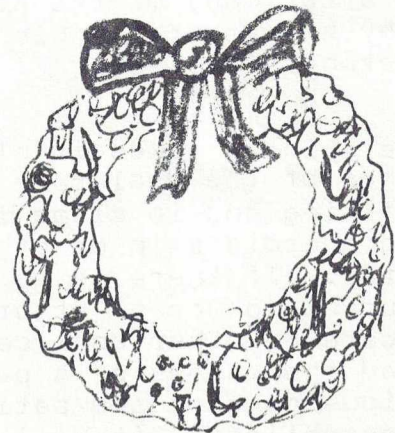
How do we determine the line between obedience and tolerance? Is this a free floating value in time? What is the benchmark? To me it's very simple - how would you like to be treated? Would you like to be ostracized because of your accent or the way you held your fork? Would you like trash thrown in your yard? Do unto others as you would

have others do unto you appears to be a pretty universal truth.

Unfortunately, not everyone follows the Golden Rule. So how should one respond to intolerance, envy and avarice? One of today's great physicians and teachers, Dr. Karl Menninger, offers the following advice:

If people are unreasonable, illogical, and self-centered -
Love them anyway.
If you do good, people will accuse you of selfish, ulterior motives.
Do good anyway.
If you are successful, you win false friends and true enemies.
Succeed anyway.
The good you do today will be forgotten tomorrow.
Do good anyway.
Honesty and frankness make you vulnerable.
Be honest and frank anyway.
People favor underdogs, but seem to follow only top dogs.
Fight for underdogs anyway.
What you spend years building may be destroyed overnight.
Build anyway.
People really need help, but may attack you if you help them.
Help people anyway.
Give the world the best you have and you may get kicked in the teeth.
Give the world the best you've got anyway.

Thomas Crawford, M.D.
Medical Director



THOSE INIMITABLE BROADMEADERS

If you missed the Hallowe'en buffet, with staff and Residents in costume, you missed the best show of the year. In case you didn't already know it, Broadmeaders are talented (very); creative (who but Judy could turn herself into a raisin?); original (you did see the Mad Hatters of Cluster Q, didn't you?); good public "relations-ers" (Pat and Nancy and Karolyn and Tom, walking ads for the Barn Sale). In addition to all their other talents, Broadmeaders are loads of fun!

Then there was Helen Weber, an is-she-or-isn't-he bride/groom; and Pumpkin-Eater Denise, prettiest pumpkin of the season, with Clayton her little pumpkinet. Of course, there were witches, and monsters, and Scarlett O'Hara - or was she Melanie? - and Mickey Mice and everything else nice that you would expect to see at Hallowe'en.

Residents and staffers did themselves proud with original costumes, and spectators had great fun guessing who was who.

As for the best - everyone in the parade. There had to be a few slight favorites, of course - the best of the best. The votes for favorites came out in favor of Helen Weber's "Bride Groom," Judy's "Raisin," and Stefanie Trasco's "MacTonight." Best groups were the Mad Hatters, the Mouseketeers, and the Barn Salers.

New Residents, you who may never have seen Broadmead's fun side before, we hope you enjoy a bit of whackiness now and then. Futures - expect some unexpected fun when you finally arrive at Broadmead.

Helen Criley

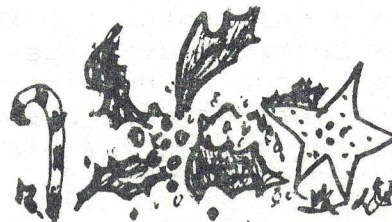
BARN SALE

The Barn Sale set a new record of over \$13,000 for its Fall Sale.

7 MESSAGE FROM ADELA SCHUTZ DIRECTOR OF THE SEW AND SO

Although the sign on the sewing room says "Sewing and Weaving," it has been a long time since a weaver has used the room. We do have a loom and weaving accessories in storage along with dismantled weaving equipment. Anyone who is interested in weaving should come to Sew and So on Tuesday mornings between 10:00 and 12:00 or speak with me. (Adela Schutz)

We also have a large supply of thread, buttons, and zippers which has been donated by Residents who no longer sew. They are available to Residents for a small donation to benefit the Resident's Association.



A VIDEO CASSETTE RECORDER IS READY FOR USE

At the request of the Camera Club a video cassette recorder (VCR) has been purchased and has been installed in a locked box below the large TV set in the Recreation Lounge on the lower level. The VCR is available for Residents to play VCR tapes at times when the Recreation Room is not scheduled for use by other groups.

Operation of the VCR is accomplished by pushing a button or two, following the simple instructions attached to the inside of the door to the Box. Residents will need to provide the cassette tapes. A key to the VCR box is available at the Reception Desk. Should additional information be desired you may call Franc Beck or Mal Gross. It is hoped that this resource will provide many hours of pleasure to Broadmead Residents.

Franc Beck

DISCUSSION GROUP, NOV. 1
ELECTION ISSUES

It was announced just before the meeting that the distinguished leader of our discussion on election issues had suffered a broken water pipe and therefore would not come. The group would have to make do with one of our own - Ken Walker, the oldest Resident of Broadmead (by time of arrival, not years of age). When news of this got out, the audience doubled in size because, as Kit Taylor said, "We always have more fun by ourselves."

Ken Walker, former professor of history at Goucher, began by confessing that he's not had much experience in voting for candidates for president. In fact he'd only voted for two in his life - Norman Thomas (several times) and Lyndon Johnson once. Every other vote he cast was AGAINST a candidate by voting for his opponent.

The discussion was remarkably prescient when looked at in the cold light of the day after the election. Consensus was that we must hold Dukakis responsible for his inadequacy. If Bush won, Dukakis would have helped elect him.

Bad advisors to Dukakis allowed his opponent to back him into impossible positions; so we end up voting for Bush's campaign staff as opposed to Dukakis' campaign staff. Dukakis already lost the election by the time he realized that his only hope lay in claiming his liberal principles. Neither candidate, Dr. Walker believes, is as bad as his campaign.

There are, in fact, Roland Shackford said, two kinds of liberals - ideological liberals and activist liberals. It is only the activist liberals who are willing to PAY for what they believe - better housing, care for the poor, and feeding the 25 per cent of the children in this country who are undernourished.

Issues in this campaign were largely fudged by both candidates. The best issue statement, Bob Sparks proposed, might be for the country to require that each candidate present his 1990 budget before the election.

"Dukakis," Walker says, "defines 'liberal' as one who is not quite so active as the 60's liberal, but increasingly professional. 'Competence' is the word Dukakis likes to use. This implies responsibility.

"I think I know what Dukakis stands for," Walker said in conclusion. "It's Bush who bewilders me."

Claire Walker, sitting on the front row, asked him to explain that remark.

Phyllis Tyler



A DUAL FORMAT SLIDE SORTER
IS AVAILABLE

Some Residents will be pleased to know that a "dual format" slide sorter is available for their use in the small room at the back of the Photography/Small Meeting Room on the lower level.

This slide sorter will accommodate up to 180 two-inch slides on one side and 8 eight and one-half by eleven inch pages with slides on the other side. The sorter will facilitate the selection of slides in any preferred order for use in your slide projector. The sorter is available for use by Residents at any time the Photo Room is not already being used.

Franc Beck

DISCUSSION GROUPNOVEMBER 15, RAY JENKINS

Ray Jenkins was born on a farm in Georgia out of generations of farmers. "It was fortuitous," he said, "because that farm happened to be in the next county to Plains, Georgia - which later became famous. It was even more fortuitous that, due to an accident of birth, I ultimately wound up as Jimmy Carter's deputy press secretary for the last two years of his presidency.

"Of course, nobody wants to admit to being a liberal these days," Ray Jenkins said just before his Discussion Group talk on November 15th. "But I'll tell you exactly how I became a liberal.

"I was standing on the front yard of the Georgia farm where I was born, when a red truck drove up. We didn't get many visitors back then. We lived about nine miles from the nearest paved road; the driver said he had come to put in the electricity, so I went running in to tell my mother.

"That's the REA truck," she said. "Mr. Roosevelt sent it out to put in the lights." Well, when the lights came on, I became a liberal, and I will be one as long as those lights stay on.

"Another aspect of liberal has to do with race. For anybody growing up in the south it was as unrealistic to escape the taint of racism as it was to escape being bitten by mosquitoes. It couldn't be done. So throughout most of my childhood, through college and into my newspaper experience in Columbus, Georgia, I simply accepted what they call the 'southern way' of life which is a polite way of saying segregation.

"I moved to a newspaper in Montgomery, Alabama in 1959 - just at the time of the bus boycott, Martin Luther King, and the Civil Rights Movement in general. There I began to see that it was intolerable to separate people on the basis of race."

Jenkins spent 20 years in Montgomery - very interesting years from a newspaperman's standpoint. "I admired King very much," he said. "His speaking ability was extraordinary - he was probably the best speaker I ever heard and I've heard virtually all of them. King never lost sight of his identity as a Christian minister, and that made a great deal of difference. Although Jesse Jackson's goals are undoubtedly the same as King's, there is a subtle difference. Even though Jackson, too, is a minister. King was a very complex man; we're only now beginning to understand him."

Ray Jenkins is as exciting a speaker as he is an editorial writer (he is editor of the BALTIMORE SUN'S editorial page). Though his election analysis covered the same issues as the Discussion Group did last time, and we came to the same conclusions again, there was a delightful difference. This is despite his claim that he speaks because he was asked to do so - not because he knows anything about the election.

PT

ANNUAL MEETING - 10/17/88

(Most of you attended the Annual Meeting but you may enjoy reading Rich's remarks.) lb

As I travel about among my peers in the continuing care retirement field, a common question emerges. "How is it going, did you have a good year?" My first inclination has been to say "We're doing great! We have the longest waiting list in our history, we have stabilized our monthly fees, we have developed a significant reserve and paid off a major portion of our Stony Run debt. We are completing significant renovation and are strategically planning for our future success." But what if some or all of what I so proudly boast was not accurate? Would that mean that we did not have a successful year?

SEE NEXT PAGE

What is then the measure of success? One writer I have encountered has expressed my thoughts in words more eloquent than my own.

MEASURE OF SUCCESS

When sunset falls upon your day
and fades from out the west,
When business cares are put away
and you lie down to rest,
The measure of the day's success
or failure may be told
In terms of human happiness
and not in terms of gold.

You know, one of the greatest values for me in participation in Continuing Care Accreditation Commission site visits has been the opportunity to put Broadmead in perspective with other communities. The thing for me that surfaces in this comparative process that sets Broadmead apart is that people from here truly live life to the fullest.

So I suggest a new yardstick for success, apart from the traditional fiscal measures. Listen to what Mrs. A. J. Stanley has to say about success:

SUCCESS

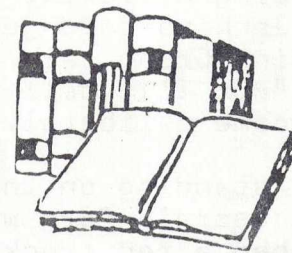
He has achieved success who has
lived well, laughed often
and loved much; who has gained the
respect
of intelligent men and the love of
little children;
who has filled his niche and accomplished his task;
who has left the world better than
he found it, whether
by an improved poppy, a perfect poem
or a rescued
soul; who has never lacked appreciation
of earth's beauty
or failed to express it; who has
looked for the best in others
and given the best he had; whose
life was an inspiration;
whose memory is a benediction.

As a community, I submit to you then, that in fiscal year 1988 we truly lived well, laughed often

and loved much. We continue to serve as an inspiration to other developing CCRC'S and we have collectively helped to make our world a better place. We have indeed met life's challenges, enjoyed life's blessings and found joy and happiness in life at Broadmead.

In this context then, and using World Series language, Fiscal Year 1988 was not just a home run, it was a grand slam.

Rich Compton



COME BACK LITTLE PAPERBACK

The paperback collection in the Lower Lounge is stocked entirely by donations from Residents and Futures. There are no restrictions on how many books may be borrowed at one time but it is hoped that they will be kept for only a few weeks.

The books which have the heaviest circulation are the mysteries and suspense novels and their life is limited. Paper darkens and pages become unglued. Also, because they are easily packed they often travel but are sometimes abandoned on buses, airplanes and in hotels.

Right now our shelves could stand replenishing. We would be delighted to have any who-done-its or suspense stories in reasonably good condition. Specific books which are lacking or in short supply are the novels of Dorothy Sayers, Josephine Tey and Dick Francis.

Just leave your contributions and returns on the lower shelves in the Lower Lounge.

fh

11

527-1589

527-1229

L-8 527-1059

A collection of various Christmas ornaments and decorations. The central piece is a large round ornament with horizontal stripes and four dots. To its right is a small house-shaped ornament. Below the house is a large five-pointed star. Other ornaments include a small star, a heart-shaped ornament, a circular ornament with a star, and several smaller geometric shapes. A pine branch is also visible in the upper left.

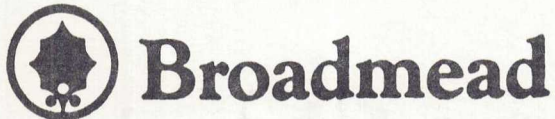


Our staff artist caught Broadmead Bunny as he started to skate on the Lily Pond (whilom Swimming Pool) but was unable to catch him as he broke through the ice. Better luck next time.

The Foulkeways Bulletin for November reports that use of their brand new pool is in full swing. We are intrigued by a quote from their men's locker room: "I had to buy my wife a new bathing suit. She had worn out the knees in her old one." And as a little more kudos for Foulkeways we add that they are recycling newspapers by placing them in large paper bags for collection by the North Wales Fire Department. You may have noticed that many people are bagging newspapers and leaving them at the Giant. Proceeds from the sale of the paper goes to worthy causes.

* * * * *

Plodding up to the Center on a recent cold morning recalled the old paraphrase: "Many are chilled but few are frozen."



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VOICE OF THE RESIDENTS

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